

VISIT...

LANZAROTE
Caliente.COM

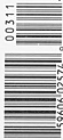
WARRIOR
RAZORLINE
3
dec
\$1.75 U.S.
RELAX CANE
ALUMINUM
© 1995
AD
SUPER HEROES FROM THE MIND OF
CLIVE BARKER
SAINT SINNER

UNCOVER THE SECRETS OF
THE ANGEL & DEVIL
WITHIN!



DIRECT EDITION

00311



7 59606 02574 9

OBI

TRISTAN

POSSESSED BY TWO ENTITIES FROM ANOTHER DIMENSION, THE BOY PHILIP PETER MUST NOW EXIST IN THAT SMALL SPACE BETWEEN THEM, AS A MAN TRAPPED BETWEEN LIGHT AND DARK; GOOD AND EVIL. HE'S GAINED INCREDIBLE POWER, AT THE COST OF HIS YOUTH, HIS LIFE, AND HIS VERY SANITY.

AT THE EDGE OF THE DECAMUNDI
IN A DIMENSION NOT CONCURRENT WITH
OUR OWN, SOMEWHERE IN A JUNGLE
CALLED THE VERTESSQUE...

...THERE LIVES
A MAN...

...AND, IN THE MIND
OF THAT MAN,
TWO OTHERS!

YOU WERE AN ACCIDENT
WAITING TO HAPPEN.
SAINT: YOU CALLED
US! YOU WANTED US!

YOU LIE,
JUNKY!
I'LL CAST
YOU OUT!

Accept us,
Saint!
We are your
Destiny!

CLIVE BARKER PRESENTS...

SAINT SINNER

CHAPTER 1:

IT'S A
JUNGLE
in Here!



CREATOR CLIVE BARKER
WRITER ELAINE LEE
ARTIST MAX DOUGLAS
COLORIST CHRISTIE SCHIELE
LETTERER JANICE CHIANG
EDITOR MARCUS McLAURIN
CONSULTING EDITOR MALCOLM SMITH
EXECUTIVE EDITOR CARL POTTS
EDITOR IN CHIEF TOM DEFALCO

SAINT SINNER™, Vol. 1, No. 3, December, 1993. Published monthly by MARVEL COMICS, Terry Stewart, President. Stan Lee, Publisher. Michael Hudson, Group Vice President. Publishing OFFICE OF PUBLICATION: 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. Application to mail at second class rates is pending in New York, NY and at additional mailing offices. Published monthly. All SAINT SINNER material copyright © 1993 Clive Barker. All rights reserved. Price \$1.75 per copy in the U.S. and \$2.25 in Canada. Subscription rate for 12 issues: \$21.00 U.S.; \$33.00 foreign; and Canadian subscribers must add \$8.00 for postage and GST. GST #R127032652. No similarity between any of the names, characters, persons, and/or institutions in this magazine with those of any living or dead person or institution is intended, and any such similarity which may exist is purely coincidental. This periodical may not be sold except by authorized dealers and is sold subject to the condition that it shall not be sold or distributed with any part of its cover or markings removed, nor in a mutilated condition. SAINT SINNER (including all prominent characters featured in this issue and the distinctive likenesses thereof) is a trademark of CLIVE BARKER. POSTMASTER: SEND ADDRESS CHANGES TO SAINT SINNERS, c/o MARVEL COMICS, SUBSCRIPTION DEPT., 387 PARK AVENUE SOUTH, NEW YORK, N.Y. 10018. Printed in Canada.





*You fight shadows.
Sinner... wrestle
with mist. We are
not as you perceive
us to be.*

THEN, GIVE ME
A SPORTING CHANCE
ANGEL & TELL ME WHAT
YOU ARE! I NEED TO
KNOW YOU IN ORDER TO
FIGHT EFFECTIVELY.

*YES, ANGEL... FOR GOODNESS
SAKE, GIVE THE BOY A
BREAK!*

*Fair enough.
Sinner, here's
your sporting
chance...*

You asked for IT... SAIT IT!

Aiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiiii

This is What we are!

Can you hear us, Binner?
Do you understand?

HE UNDERSTANDS
NOTHING: WE HAVE
TO MAKE IT SIMPLE:
TELL IT IN A WAY
EVEN A CAN
COMPREHEND!

We'll explain
ourselves
with his memories.
Our memories are too
fierce...they cause
him pain.

HA HA HA HA! WATCH
THIS. DINNER!

THREE! tap. THREE! tap...
THREE! THREE! tap...
THREE! THREE!

A TELEVISION
COMMERCIAL?

...THREE MINTS
IN ONE!

I DON'T REALLY SEE... WHY
WHY CAN'T WE GO ON AS
THREE

"ONE OF MOM'S
OLD RECORDS?"

In our own
realm, we
do not experience
ourselves as
individuals...

...AND it REALLY REALLY stinks!

Each of us
shares
psyche with
two others...

THE ONE WHO
MEDITATES.

THE ONE WHO
DESIRES.

THE ONE WHO
ASPIRES

...no Privacy. NO
Freedom...

...no violence,
no pain. The three
do not share a body, but
they do share
space.

You have in
your memory
an entertainment
in which
the Three
Share Space.

6 STICKS

WILLY'S
TRIPLEMINT
GUM



SORRY, GUYS!
I WAS TRYING
TO GET TO
CHINA!

JACK!
YOU'VE KILLED
JACK! I CAN'T GO
ON WITHOUT
HIM!

THEY'RE
GONE!

THANK
YOU, WACKY
KENTO GANTO... FOR
CAUSING THE DEATHS
OF MY PSYCHE
MATES... AND GETTING
ME FREE!

I'M FREE!
I'M FREE!

BLAM!

BUT, I DIDN'T
MEAN...
AWWWW, HECK!

WE'RE MANY
SMITHS, NOW!

BLADESMITH
SAYS LET'S
CUT OUT!

SOULSMITH'S
SORRY
TO LEAVE YOU
WITHOUT A
SOUL...

UNLOCKINGSMITH
THANKS YOU FOR
OPENING THE DOORS
FOR US!

... BUT CLOCKSMTIH
KNOWS IT'S TIME TO
VISIT THE AMEN AND START
INFLECTING PAIN!



SO WHEN
TWO PARTS OF
THE PSYCHE DIED,
THE THIRD SHAT-
TERED, BECOMING
THE SMITHS.

THAT EXPLAINS
RUNESMITH-- BUT
WHAT OF YOU,
ANGEL? WHY ARE
YOU WITH ME?

*When the
smiths were freed,
that is when I
was summoned...*

Voice over:

I'm Shade, Sam Shade
and associates. I have
three personalities and I
find missing persons...

Voice over:
...for sexy dames who
have the hots for me.

-Pan to Sam,
exhaling carcinogens.

And just how
do you expect me to
do that, Shweetheart?
Mr Smiths has fled
across the border
and I'm too dense
to follow him...

I can fix that
for you, Mr Shade.
Just relax...

EKK!

-Tight on Mary's hands
slipping a mickey into
a drink she fixes Sam.

(passing drink)
Here.

Thanks
doll.

Gulp.

Who turned the
lights out?



-Tight on sexy dame's face as she enters.



I'm Mary Smiths...
Mrs ~~Manx~~ Smiths...
I want you to find
my husbands.



-Long shot
Angel passes through
dimensional rift,
leaving associates
below.

Without these
two, you're
light enough
to cross
the border!
I'll keep
them covered
until you
return
with
Mr Smiths!

*Don't worry,
Mary. Kagnā
always gets
her men.*

he-heh-heh-heh!
I feel
strong! I feel
powerful!



SO YOU WERE
SENT TO CATCH
RUNESMITH...

Fade to earth.

NEVER OVERESTIMATE THE POWERS
OF A HUMAN!

Yes, sinner, but
we were only two
parts of the whole.

We needed a
mediator, the demon,
in his folly,
provided one...



SEE PHIL RUN?
RUN! RUN! RUN!
LOOK, SEE SPOT?
PHIL'S PET SPOT!
SPOT SAYS KILL
KILL! KILL! KILL!
NO! NO! NO! NO!





**LOOK, THERE'S JANE!
DIE, JANE, DIE!**

**JANE SAYS NO!
BAD, SPOT, BAD!**

**JANE HITS SPOT.
SPOT BITES JANE.**

**BOTH HURT PHIL.
POOR, POOR, PHIL.**

SEE PHIL SCREAM?...

... SCREAM AND SCREAM...

I ERRED IN TAKING YOUR MIND,
SANT. YOU BECAME MY PRISON,
THE THIRD PART OF THE TRIAD.

But Philip Fetter
must stop
screaming now. He has
work to do. There is
a creature on his earth
who doesn't belong...
a creature he
brought from
the Amen.

He helped
it escape... now
the prayers of
of it's victims
call...

THESE IS NO HELP FOR ME!
NO HELP BUT YOU! YOU ARE
MY COURT OF LAST RESORT!

If you
will only
hear...

The Book of
Cobit

THERE IS NO HEIL FOR ME...
I CAN ONLY FLY... I ONLY BREATHE
MY COUGH FOR A LITTLE RESPIRE...



As for the fishes entailed,
you must burn them to
make a man or woman
affected by a demon
or evil spirit and
affliction will be
away and
worship me

SEE? THE BOOK
CLEARLY SAYS
"FISH ENTAILS!"

SO YOU'RE
SAYING I GAVE
YOU MY HEART
AND LIVER FOR
NOTHING?

NOT FOR
NOTHING I KNOW
ONE MORE THING
THAT DOESN'T WORK.
MAYBE THEY MEAN
A FISH THAT CAN'T
FLY... OR TALK?

IT DOES NOT
NO HEIL FOR ME... I CAN ONLY
FLY... I ONLY BREATHE MY COUGH
FOR A LITTLE RESPIRE...

Keep crying, Sinner! I'm
loving this... I really am.

Stop now,
Sinner.
There's work
to be done...

...hear the prayers
of the dying Sinner!
hear their pain and
know yourself
the cause of it.



CHAPTER II
LATER THAT YESTERDAY...

I AM KENTO
CANTO.

I TRAVEL THE GREAT WIND
THAT RUSHES BETWEEN
ONE ELECTRON AND
ITS BROTHER...

SEARCHING FOR A DIMENSION
THAT HAS NOT BEEN CREATED... THAT
HAS ALWAYS EXISTED.

MY MISSION IS TO AID A
CERTAIN MAN...
A MAN NOT YET BORN.

I HAVE MET THIS MAN ON ONLY TWO OCCASIONS, IN
MY PAST AND HIS FUTURE, TO MAKE SMOOTH HIS
PATH... THAT IS MY DESTINY... THAT IS MY PENANCE.

I WILL BE
HIS PROPHET.

WHAT
IS YOUR
PLACE?

THE HOUSE
OF SAINT SINNER
IN THE DIMENSION
WE CALL
THE VERTESQUE...

...YOU WILL BE
ITS CREATOR
AND IT WILL BE
YOUR PRISON.

I'M SURE
YOU SEE
THE PRICE THAT
I... THAT
YOU WILL
PAY...

...I'VE BEEN
WAITING
FOR YOU...

IN ALL MY TRAVELS THROUGH
WORLDS AND TIMES, I HAVE NEVER
BEFORE MET MYSELF... NEVER
LOOKED INTO THE FACE OF
MY FUTURE.

IT IS THE FACE
OF AN ENEMY.

YOU SEE, I
MET ME WHEN
I WAS YOU!

THIS IS WHY
WE HAD ME SEEK
THIS PLACE, WE KNEW
I WOULD HAVE TO
MEET YOU? WHY?

FIRST THINGS
FIRST... JUST
FOR A CHANGE
OF FACE...

HUMOROUS.

I BELIEVE
YOU HAVE
SOMETHING
FOR ME?

YES... YES...
ON THE TIME WE
MET, WE ASKED ME
TO KEEP THIS... ASKED
ME TO BRING IT TO
THIS PLACE... SAID
SOMEONE IN THIS
MOMENT WOULD BE
WAITING FOR IT...

THE NEW YORK P

"ALL THE NEWS THAT FITS IN PRINT!"

MONSTER SIGHTED IN NEW YORK HARBOR!

Citizens Action Committee asks,
"COULD IT BE ALIEN?"

I SEE NOW
WHY HE WASN'T
SPECIFIC ABOUT
WHO THE SOMEONE
MIGHT BE.

HE KNEW I WOULD NEED THIS... SO THAT I CAN CONVINCE HIS FORMER SELF TO RETURN HOME TO EARTH.



HE KNEW THIS BECAUSE I WILL TELL HIM.

I WILL GIVE THE PAPER TO HIM AND HE WILL GIVE IT TO YOU AND YOU WILL RETURN IT TO ME...

... ONLY NEXT TIME, YOU WILL BE ME!

NEXT... TIME...?



WHEN YOU BECOME ME, YOU WILL UNDERSTAND HOW A TIME CAN BE NEXT. HOW ONE MOMENT MAY FOLLOW THE OTHER IN A LONG, GREY LINE. BUT FOR NOW OBSERVE...

KLIC! 22222222222222222222

...FOR THERE ARE OTHER THINGS TO SPEAK OF. THE MAN IN THIS PROTECTION IS FRANK KELLY.

HE LIVES ON EARTH, IN THE CITY OF CHICAGO, IN THE MOMENTS SURROUNDING THE INSTANT THAT RUNESMITH TOOK PHILIP FETTER.

HE WILL HELP YOU, IF YOU ASK HIM.

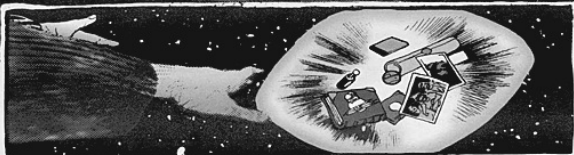
I KNOW THIS, AS HE HELPED ME.

YOU MUST TAKE HIM SOME THINGS. SOME THINGS I LEFT IN A CACHE IN MY SAFE-HOLE IN THE CITY OF VOX.

YOU DON'T KNOW ITS LOCATION BECAUSE YOU HAVEN'T CREATED IT YET.

I CAN NO LONGER RETRIEVE MATTER FROM OTHER DIMENSIONS. I LOST THAT POWER WHEN I OPENED *THIS* DIMENSION, THE VERTESQUE.

BUT I CAN *GUIDE* YOU. REACH THROUGH, *WITH ME*.



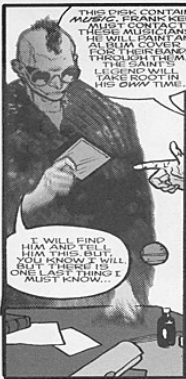
PARCHMENT AND INKS FROM FOURTEENTH CENTURY EARTH. FRANK KELLY WILL USE THESE TO HELP YOU CREATE THE LEGEND.

YOU WILL USE FRANK KELLY'S WORK TO *SEED* THE PAST WITH THE STORY OF SAINT SINNER!



THIS DISK CONTAINS *MUSIC*. FRANK KELLY MUST CONTACT THESE MUSICIANS. HE WILL SAIN TAN ALBUM COVER FOR THEIR BAND. THROUGH THEM, THE SAINT'S LEGEND WILL TAKE ROOT IN HIS OWN TIME.

I WILL FIND HIM AND TELL HIM THIS. BUT, YOU KNOW I WILL. BUT THERE IS ONE LAST THING I MUST KNOW...



... TO BE *TRAPPED* HERE, IN THIS DIMENSION...

... TO NEVER TRAVEL AGAIN TO OTHER WORLDS AND TIMES...

WHAT IS IT LIKE... THIS *EXILE*?



IT IS A HELL
BEYOND ANYTHING
I'VE EXPERIENCED, EVEN
AT THE HANDS OF
THE SMITHS. NOTHING
MOVES HERE. IT IS STILL
AS THE GRAVE, AND I LIVE
IN IT. UNABLE TO MOVE,
DENIED FREEDOM, DENIED
MOTION, DENIED ACCESS
TO OTHER WORLDS
AND TIMES.

AND YOU
THINK I WILL
CHOOSE
THIS HELL?

YOU
HAVE ALWAYS
CHOSEN IT.
YOU WILL
ALWAYS
CHOOSE IT.
ALWAYS...

...BECAUSE I
SET THE DEMONS
LOOSE AND SENT
RAIN TO A
THOUSAND
WORLDS!

WHEN I MET
SAINT BUNNER THE FIRST
TIME, I WASN'T SURE.
THE SECOND TIME, I
KNEW HE WAS THE ONE...
THE ONE TO SET RIGHT
THIS THING I
HAD DONE.

YOU WILL
MEET HIM AGAIN
FOR A THIRD TIME
BEFORE YOU
BECOME
ME...

CLOP
CLOP
CLOP
CLOP

...BUT
NOT
NOW!

YOU MUST
LEAVE.
GOODBYE.



CANTO,
I THOUGHT
I HEARD
VOICES...

... I MEAN,
OTHER THAN
THE VOICES I
USUALLY
HEAR.



I WAS...
JUST TALKING
TO MYSELF.



HA HA HA
HA HA HA HA!
AND I NO LONGER
HAVE A SELF
TO TALK TO!

I DON'T KNOW
WHICH IS WORSE,
LOOKING IN AND FINDING
YOU AND THE MISH MASH
WOMAN OR TURNING OUT
AND SEEING
THIS PLACE...
THE VERTESQUE.

IS IT SO BAD
FOR YOU?

IT IS A HELL
BEYOND ANYTHING
I'VE IMAGINED.
EVERYTHING HERE
IS ALWAYS IN
MOTION! NOTHING
WITH FORM, KEEPS
ITS FORM,
HERE!

WHAT *SHOULD* BE SOLID MATTER,
BECOMES A TORRENT AND I
AM SWIFT ALONG IN IT, DENIED
REST, DENIED PEACE, DENIED FIRM
GROUND ON WHICH TO STAND.

... AND I KNOW
I HAVE YOU TO
THANK FOR IT.
YOU CAUSED
THE SATTINS TO BE
BORN. YOU
SHATTERED THEIR
PARENT IDENTITY
AND SET
THEM FREE.

THEY'VE
TOLD YOU,
THENT?

I'VE
SEEN IT.
THE ANGEL
SHOWED
ME, SHE...
GOD!
I...

THERE'S
SOMETHING
ELSE YOU
SHOULD
SEE...

OUR TENTACLED
FRIEND FROM THE PRISON
IN THE AMEN, HE'S
ALIVE. HE'S GROWING.
HE'S KILLING
HUMANS.

THE ANGEL IS AN ANGEL BY CONVENTION,
NOT BY NATURE. SHE IS A GOD, NOT A GODDESS.

THE ANGEL IS AN ANGEL BY CONVENTION,
NOT BY NATURE. SHE IS A GOD, NOT A GODDESS.

MY HEAD...
MY
HEAD... I...

YOU HEAR
THEM NOW,
DON'T YOU?

LET THEM GO!
DON'T SWALLOW
THEM, YOU'LL CHOKE!
THIS WILL ALWAYS
HAPPEN WHEN
YOU BLOCK
THE PRAYERS!

YOU!

WHACK!

YOUR
FAULT!
YOU MADE
THE
DEMON!

MUST HEAR THE
PRAYERS! DON'T
BLOCK THEM OUT...

THERE IS NO HELP FOR ME!
NO HELP BUT YOU! YOU ARE
MY COURT OF LAST RESORT!

...HEAR THEM,
AND FOLLOW!



UGH!!...
AHHHHHHHHH!!...

THERE IS
A WAY OUT!
A GATE! YOU CAN
OPEN THIS GATE!
IT'S YOUR CHOICE!
I'VE CLEARED
A PATH FOR YOU!
BUT YOU MUST
TAKE THE FIRST
STEP!

HEAD
THE PRAYERS!
IT'S YOU THEY CALL...
YOU WHO CAN HELP
THEM! SAINT SINNER!
YOU ARE
THEIR SALVATION,
AS THEY WILL
BE YOURS!

OKAY... YES! I'VE
GOT IT! I'VE GOT...

♪ LET ME TAKE YOU DOWN, CAUSE I'M GOIN' TOOOOOO ♪

IMAGINE

Please send all correspondence to:
RAZORLINE
c/o MARVEL
387 PARK AVE. SO.
NEW YORK, NY 10016

MARC McLAURIN • EDITOR
SPENCER LAMM • ASST. EDITOR
MALCOLM SMITH • CONSULTING
EDITOR

SAINT SINNER

the days after

We've spent the past few months in a sort of daze around here, in a furious scramble to make the RAZORLINE real. Our anxious state has been accentuated by the news, trickling in from across the country slowly but certainly, that the RAZORLINE is a hit! Now, at this writing, with the first issues of all the books, and the second of most already on sale, we're gearing for the San Diego Convention to await your response!

the days ahead

And following that convention, we'll be geared and ready for our first-ever RAZORLINE conference, with the artists and writers on each of these books gathering at a secret location with Clive Barker and Malcolm Smith to nail down all the why's and wherefore's of the Barkiverse, and plot out our major crossover for the Spring of '94. Out of that crossover, three new RAZORLINE titles will be born, written by RAZORLINE veterans Frank Lovece and Fred Burke, and one penned by Sarah Byam. No stranger to comics herself with such credits as Black Canary and Bill 99, Sarah is a welcome addition to the growing Razorline stable. We're about planned growth right now, pulling from Clive's endless house of ideas to create a universe quite like our own, but still dramatically, awe-inspiringly, different!

the story behind #1

All of this great news was cast into pallor, of course, by the unanticipated delay in the release of the first issue of SAINT SINNER. To let you all know that we were serious in our pledge to make sure the books out to you are both top quality and on time, we owe you an explanation. The enhanced cover (which, even in this age of over-enhancement, a great deal of you let us know was very successful and appreciated) was the most complex of the four issues to produce. Blame it on the kid-with-a-new-toy syndrome, but we wanted each of the covers to be strikingly different, and accentuate the art in a unique and spectacular way. In doing that, and incorporating what we learned from doing the previous three covers in the Lintular foil process, we went for broke on SAINT SINNER, which took a little extra time, and the cover went out a little later than we're comfortable with.

Then the presses broke down. Twice.

And on top of that, the foil covered so much of the cover that a little extra time was needed to make sure it fully dried before the embossing could be done.

oops

All of this added up to a delay on the first issue that we wish could have been avoided in the first place, but which, since we're planning no new enhancements, will not be repeated, so help me.

so, help me!

But enough about us, let's talk about you. What do you think of us? (Sorry, old joke...) But

seriously, here is where I make my pitch to you to send your thoughts and comments on Saint Sinner in particular, and the RAZORLINE in general, to the address above. Don't make me come over there...

That's all for this time. I'm ghost.

pass the Nyquil

I'm thankful on the upswing of a fairly bad cold, but even as I'm feeling better, my head is still throbbing, so trying to write a coherent bit of type is significantly harder than it normally would be. But here goes.

If you're keeping up, this is the last of the first four Razorline titles to come out. And it's by far, the strangest.

Back a couple of months, before I moved into the office and was only seeing drabs and drabs of material as it came through the production department (my former job here at Marvel) I remember looking forward to SAINT SINNER more than the others, just from hearing the basic set-up. So, it was the first of the outlines I read. Reading it gave me a good deal more to look forward to. It was all in there. Weird characters. Strong story. The possibility of amazing visuals.

I went to the next logical place, and opened the fat file marked SAINT SINNER, pulling out the first issue's worth of finished inks, seeing for the first time, in full, the pages of Max Douglas.

It was only a few minutes later that I was reading the scripts by Elaine Lee.

The day was shaping into a good one.

Combining Max Douglas's art with the poetry-like style of Elaine Lee was the perfect marriage for what could have been a disaster (this is no simple book to pull off). They took no time to put Philip deep into the thick of things. Possessed by a demon and an angel, he was fighting for sanity where there was little hope for it. No question about it: not a good deal of fun.

But I could relate.

After all, struggling to tame conflicting emotions caged within — love, hate, fear, hope, the whole nine yards... that's a battle we all face, only maybe not to the extreme Philip does.

But the story is about far more than simply the duality within; it taps the stranger in a strange land setup, as well. Philip is a far cry from the struggling sixteen-year-old he was back when the demon first took up residence.

Clearly, Philip is not your typical character. But then SAINT SINNER was never sold as a book filled with the typical. In fact, nothing about it could be said to even come close to that height of a word. And it only gets better from here. For instance, just down the road, Elaine Lee explores even more finely Philip's deep — and innately conflicting — strife with life, when Philip meets a fellow player in the worlds of the Decamund: Dex Mungo, better known as the Etokid (just wait till you see the spin Max Douglas gives the etokosphere).

So, while this might be preaching to the already converted (you've got the book in your hand, after all), this is as good a time as any to get cozy with the Decamund; just pick your point of entry — currently you've four doorways to choose from — and read.

a controlled state of flux

This issue we welcome Tristan Schane, SAINT SINNER's new cover artist. Not new to the Barkiverse, it was Tristan's brush which produced the RAZORLINE FIRST CUT cover.

It's never too small a place to welcome new and talented people to the mix.

Good to have you aboard, Tristan.

postmarked and delivered

We actually do read the letters (all of us, Marc, myself, Clive, Malcolm, Max and Elaine) and genuinely think on each one. The Barkiverse is still young and in its formative stage, so tell us what's up — what's wrong, what's right. What you say holds weight. So write.

did someone want a T-shirt?

We've had a batch of limited edition T-shirts made and figure a few people might want such a rare item (at the moment, we're the only place you can get them). The SAINT SINNER version was done by Max Douglas specifically for the T-shirt and will not be seen anywhere but on 100% cotton. They're not for sale, but they're here and waiting. We're not saying exactly how you can get one, but I do remember asking for some criticism. Might be a good place to start, no?

Next Issue: Called tragically back to Earth on unfinished business, the Saint Sinner is confronted by an undying evil loose in the Hudson river and on Madison Avenue gone amok!

Don't miss "The Fearmonger," a prelude to the first RAZORLINE crossover!

Next week in Hyperkind #3:

At the hands of the most dangerous man on Earth, the Hyperkind learn the truth behind the secret history of the Earth — and why none of them will live to reveal it!

Elsewhere along the Razorline:

In Etokid #4:

Things are just heating up! Trapped within the sinister carnival called Arcadia, Dex and the ghost of Saint Sinner battle the gluttonous demon Sir Sigmond — who's hungry for their souls! Part One of Sir Sigmond's Arcadia!

In Hukam & Hex #4:

Earth's champion, thrown in jail! But the greatest hero of another age means to free him, whether Trip wants it or not! It's the tragic return of the Incredible Z-Man!

FROM THE EDGE OF
THE DECAYING, FROM
A DIMENSION NOT
CONCURRENT WITH
OUR OWN...

...COMES A SAINT
WHO MIGHT HAVE
SEEN A MAN.

THE
GATE!

HIS COMING HAS
BEEN FORETOLD.
HIS LEGEND PASSED
DOWN THROUGH
THE AGES.

HIS LEAP ACROSS THE THRESHOLD
IS BOTH HIS FIRST REAL CHOICE AND
HIS VERY LAST, FOR HE HAS LEAPED
INTO THE ARMS OF HIS DESTINY.

TODAY IS
THE FIRST DAY OF
THE REST OF
HIS DEATH!

NEXT: THE FEARMONGER!